Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, JANUARY 19, 1899. NUMBER 21.

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The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.
Chicago.

SERMONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

The literary editor of the *Inter Ocean*, who received one of the first copies of "Sermons from Shakespeare," reviews it as follows in the columns of the *Inter Ocean* of January 9:

"Sermons from Shakespeare."—By William D. Simonds. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co.) The novelty of the book is that it is a series of "sermons" (not "lectures") and texts drawn from Shakespeare, and not the Bible. The author enters upon his task reverently and with a full appreciation of the Holy Book. But he claims that it is wisdom "to embark freely upon the ocean of truth; to listen to every word of Godlike genius, as to a whisper of the Holy Ghost. Beauty, truth and love are always divine, and the real Bible, whose inspiration can never be questioned, comprises all noble and true words spoken and written by man in all the ages." Mr. Simonds makes six sermons: First, "Noble Brutus;" second, "Faithful Cordelia;" third, "Faultless Desdemona;" fourth, "Destiny-Driven Hamlet;" fifth, "Lady Macbeth." Preliminary to his sermons Mr. Simonds calls attention to the changed conditions the centuries have wrought. When the Bible alone was the standard of all there was in morals, science and government, he turns to recite the long list of illustrious names, who, having seized upon the truths of the sacred world, have lifted them up in the face of the world, have made them shine with new luster and beauty. Of the character of Brutus Mr. Simonds says: "The character of Brutus is full of beauty and sweetness. In all the relations of life he is upright and pure, of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle that cannot bosom the slightest stain; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; a man adorned with all the virtues which, in public and private, at home and in the circle of his friends, win respect and charm the heart." Says Hudson: "Brutus' great fault lies in supposing it is his duty to be meddling with things that he does not understand. Here, then, we have a strong instance of a very good man doing a very bad thing, and, withal, a wise man acting most unwisely, because his wisdom knew not its place—a right noble, just heroic spirit bearing directly athwart the virtues he worships."

Another has written of Brutus: "His trouble was his head, not his heart. He intends to do the right thing—only he does not do it. He gets beyond his intellectual sphere, is befogged, and lost." Our author, upon his opening sermon, says, "Of all writers, ancient and modern, Shakespeare is most intensely human. The strength and weakness of man, the faithfulness and fickleness of woman, the virtue and vice of kings, the truth and treachery of subjects, the soul-conquering evil, the spirit sinning and doomed, each mood of joy and grief, passion and pain, laughter and tears, are all in Shakespeare." Brutus was the type of man that the world loved in his day. He had an intense love of home and country. "Patriotism was the groundwork of his character." Brutus was no coward. He loved peace, but knew there could be peace which was not blessed. He was gentle, as he was brave, and compassion and tenderness held over him a masterful force. As Antony said in his oration: "His life is gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that nature, aye, and God shall say to all the world, 'This is a man.'" Mr. Simonds quotes Mrs. Jamieson in opening his sermon on "Faithful Cordelia." She says: "It appears to me that Cordelia's character rests upon the two sublimest principles of human action—the love of truth and the sense of duty; but these, when they stand alone, are apt to strike us as severe and cold. Shakespeare has, therefore, wreathed them round with the dearest attributes of our feminine nature, the power of feeling and inspiring affection. If Cordelia reminds us of anything on earth, it is one of the Madonnas in the old Italian pictures, with downcast eyes beneath the Almighty love," and as that heavenly form is connected with our human sympathies only by the expression of maternal tenderness, or maternal sorrow, even so Cordelia would be almost too angelic were she not linked to our earthly feelings, bound to our very hearts, by her filial love, her wrongs, her sufferings, her tears."

Speaking in critical comment of Desdemona, our author says: "In herself Desdemona is not more interesting than several of the poet's other characters, but perhaps none of the others is in condition so proper for developing the innermost springs of pathos. In her character and sufferings there is a nameless something that haunts the reader's mind and hangs like a spell of compassionate sorrow upon the beating of his heart." Dr. Johnson says: "The soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature as I suppose it is in vain to seek in modern virtues." Then follows "Hamlet," the most studied of all Shakespeare's work. Victor Hugo says of Hamlet: "Other works of the human mind equal Hamlet; none surpasses it. There is Hamlet all the majesty of the mournful. A drama issuing from an open sepulcher, this is colossal. Doubt counseled by a ghost, such is Hamlet." "Lady Macbeth" is the closing sermon, and our author quotes the words of many of the most thoughtful, scholarly writers of the world, before preaching his sermon. Among these: "All the great crimes in Shakespeare are inspired by wicked women; men may execute but cannot conceive them. The creature of sentiment is more depraved than the man of crime. We feel that in committing the murder, Macbeth succumbed to a depravity stronger than his own. The strength of depravity is the ardent imagination of his wife. Such a Macbeth! It is crime! It is remorse! It is the weakness of a strong man opposed to the seductions of a perverted and passionate woman. Above all is the immediate expiation of crime by the secret vengeance of God. Herein lies the invincible morality of Shakespeare. The poet is in harmony with God." We have not space in a brief review to follow these admirable sermons. * * *

* * *

(Chicago Chronicle, Jan. 9.)

"Sermons From Shakespeare," by William Day Simonds (Alfred C. Clark & Co., Chicago), contains six pulpit addresses, or sermons, the first treating, with sound sense, the relations of "The Pulpit and Higher Literature" and the other five analyzing and deducing lessons of profit for better living from the characters of Brutus, Cordelia, Desdemona, Hamlet and Lady Macbeth. There is, perhaps, nothing especially new or striking or great in the analysis or the deductions, but they are all animated by a spirit of broad and helpful humanity—they say much that may stimulate bettering thought and say it within small space, and they demonstrate that the pulpit may find all through our standard literature texts richly worthy of its best elucidation and exhortation.

* * *

(Daily Journal, Battle Creek, Mich.)

The editor of the Journal is indebted to the Rev. W. D. Simonds of Madison, Wis., formerly of this city, for a copy of a recently published volume containing five sermons delivered by him on characters from Shakespeare, severally entitled, "Noble Brutus," "Faithful Cordelia," "Faultless Desdemona," "Destiny-Driven Hamlet," and "Lady Macbeth," to which is prefixed an introductory address on "The Pulpit and Higher Literature." The discourses are notably alike for their scholarly research, their discriminating criticism, their literary finish and practical suggestiveness, and have a value which should commend them not only to every student of the world's greatest dramatist, but to the entire reading public. These are Mr. Simond's finest efforts, a sufficient commendation of their merit.

* * *

(State Journal, Madison, Wis.)

The discourses themselves are strong meat. They are rich in apt extracts from the plays, with helpful criticism (supplemented in the prefaces with the standard comments of Shakespearean scholars) and accompanied with a preacher's applications. They are well worth reading and studying and preserving, especially by that large class to whom the riches of the bard of Avon are more familiar than possessed. Mr. Simonds' style is graphic and he holds the interest of his hearers and readers. He gathers facts and illustrations from many sources; indeed, so unconsciously eager is the preacher to enrich his theme, that sometimes the additional data come in abruptly and tend to break the continuity.

[*From a Column Review.*]

NEW MULTIFLORA ROSES.

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JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1899. NUMBER 21.

Mr. Paul Morton, second vice-president of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, has a communication on "Railroad Legislation" in the *Conservative* of January 12, which is very suggestive. The conclusion pointed by the facts presented is that if suitable roads and impartial transportation are to be secured the problem of competition must be eliminated, as it is now eliminated out of the postoffice. Some kind of legislative enactment and state control seems to be the inevitable conclusion of the logic of history. The present interstate law may be weak and may, as Mr. Morton thinks, "aid more than it prevents the evils it sough to eradicate." Yet the remedy is not less legislation, but better legislation. It is another argument for the coöperation that has been the watchword of religion in all times and is becoming the watchword in governments and economics.

Caspar Whitney, a self-created oracle, who has been usually sound on what constitute the requirements of strict amateur standing in college athletes, has grievously gone astray concerning our esteemed Herschberger. He argues that because, during his course in the University, he taught school in an "affiliated institution," whatever that may mean, he became a "professional." If he continues in this line of argument he will debar everyone from college teams who has done an honest day's work, and the college athlete will have to make oath and affidavit that he is the poor but useless son of rich parents, who support him. It is strange that Mr. Whitney sees no difference between making money out of athletic sports and going along in an ordinary groove of the self-sustaining self-respect that befits an educated man.

Phillips Brooks, just before he died, conversing with a friend, said: "A definition of church union, which recognizes that church union already exists, is a definition of the term which has a great value to our times. There is constant discussion in the press of America, of every sign of the superficial *disunion* between the churches. But for the genuine union, which exists, and which is growing year by year, there is little popular recognition, since it is a life within the life. And, after all, apparent disunion, like the differences between denominations, and even the differences within a denomination, has its root in the good, rather than in the evil, of human nature. It is the sign of activity, and activity is not stagnation; it is effort, growth, health. It makes little difference to Boston that Trinity Church stands in one place and the First Baptist in another, and the Old South Church not far away, since, for our city and for our time, all stand for one purpose and exist for one end." This is exactly in the spirit of the Congress of Religion—unity in diversity; but let us learn to emphasize the unity.

Kenosha is the last city to be made happy and rich in a new public library building, to be built in the center of its public park, built to accommodate no less than twenty-five thousand volumes, the new plant to be a gift to the city, including decoration of the park, planting of trees, etc., by Mr. Z. G. Simmons, one of its foremost citizens. The gift is made on condition that the city accept the trust and maintain it under the state law that permits cities to raise a one-mill tax for the maintenance of a public library. Over a quarter of a century ago Mr. Simmons laid the foundations both in his own heart and in public appreciation for this library by putting a free circulating library into the Unitarian Church of the place, which for years was a reading center. In the earlier struggles of UNITY Mr. Simmons of Kenosha was its firm friend and generous patron. His has always been the liberal hand that deviseth liberal things. Such deeds are contagious. Let others go and do likewise. If men who have accumulated honorable wealth would but consecrate their giving on lasting and living benefactions the common life would grow more rapidly around these centers of common wealth.

John V. Farwell, ex-member of Congress, a class leader and promoter of Young Men's Christian Association activities, a merchant prince of Chicago, does not appear as an intellectual giant in his recent attempt to answer Professor Herron's lectures, recently given in Chicago. His communication deals freely with the words "socialist," "anarchist," "single tax" and their derivatives, as pure terms of reproach. He is horrified that this man, who professes to believe in Christ, should suggest any reconsideration, much less readjustment of existing economic order, because "Christ paid tribute to Cæsar's government for himself and his apostles; and Paul—a greater man than Professor Herron—counseled the first churches of Christ to submit themselves to Cæsar's government as ordained of God." He infers it is the part of the meek Christian to be grateful to those capital combinations that build railroads, banks, etc., at least until all the voters become what he calls "thorough Christians," which, according to the context, means, in his mind, the acceptance of his theology and a conversion on his lines. This merchant prince does not marvel that "John Most, the infidel and anarchist, gives such counsel," but that one claiming the authority of Jesus Christ should do so, furnishes, according to his opinion, "the most monstrous contradiction of this nineteenth century of our Lord's evolution of a free government out of such a one as Cæsar's, which crucified him." We are not of those who think that the New Testament is an adequate handbook for the study of modern civics. The industrial life of to-day was not anticipated by Paul and Jesus. The task of today is to bring forward their great principles of broth-

erhood into the complex life of to-day rather than to carry back our complex civilization into the peasant simplicity represented by the life of the Nazarene and his fisherman followers, consequently we believe there is more religion even in the unrest of Herr Most than there is in the canting piety of the complacent millionaire.

The withdrawal of Edward E. Ayer from the presidency of the Board of Trustees of the Field Columbian Museum is an event that touches an interest that reaches far beyond Chicago. The museum is fast growing to be one of the institutions of the country and perhaps is more appreciated, more visited by the strangers within our gates, than by those who, because they can visit it any time, never visit it. It is but fair to say that while Marshall Field furnished the great bequest of two million dollars, Mr. Ayer furnished the enthusiasm, the executive diligence and a large part of the intelligence. From the time when he was comparatively a poor man in Wisconsin, up to the present time, when he is one of the solid capitalists of Chicago, Mr. Ayer has been a student and a collector. Two things have challenged his enthusiasm—American archæology and ornithology. In both these directions he is an authority. It is a happy and noble life that can say, as he did in his letter of resignation: "Into the work of the Field Columbian Museum has gone already over seventeen per cent. of all the money I have saved during my lifetime. I have also given to the museum since it was established a good deal more of my time than I have given to my business." We will not despair of our country and we will not fear wealth so long as it can produce even an occasional man of this temper, and we believe such men are becoming more frequent. Civic anxiety, social concern, coöperative enthusiasm, socialistic tendencies (using that word always in its high and noble sense, such as obtains among scholars) are by no means confined to those who are caught in the cogs, nor to the agitators in labor unions, but the men of wealth and of culture, college graduates and inheritors of luxury are everywhere asking why is it thus and what are we here for. Let the enthusiasm of Edward Ayer be studied that his example may be followed and improved upon.

Credit to Small Borrowers.

One of the hopeful signs of social betterment comes from the action of the Merchants' Club. That club, composed of some of Chicago's younger business men, has determined to establish a pawnshop where needy persons may borrow at reasonable rates of interest. While it is philanthropy, it is not charity, in the sense of giving. It is not an experiment, for all Europe has taken up and demonstrated the feasibility of the plan, and Boston and New York have in operation successful institutions of the sort. The individual pawnbroker is often forced by circumstances to charge outrageous rates of interest, simply because he is trying to make his living and pay his expenses out of the loaning of a small capital. The usury laws are openly and universally violated, as they always have been, and always will be, and the whole business has become degraded, till instead of the pawnshop being the poor man's bank, it is his nemesis. The law now permits a charge of 3 per cent. per month, but custom allows 10 per cent a month. With adequate capital in such an institution good profits can be realized at 1 per cent., the law breaking of usury be wiped out by competition, and the assistance given criminals in handling stolen goods be reduced to a minimum. If the Legislature does not pass the bill prayed for, permitting the formation of corporations for this purpose, the business can be conducted under a limited partnership arrangement and will be so conducted. The plan is to make the pawnshop coöperative; that is, to turn back to borrowers any surplus left at the end of the year after 6 per cent. has been paid on the capital invested. Competition of this sort is the only remedy against usury in time of need. It is hoped and believed that the time will come when the just and equitable principles recognized by reputable banks will go further and root out the horrors of the chattel mortgage business, as now practiced, and the extortion of those who advance money against the future wages of needy borrowers. The cure for anarchy is to prove that capital may be beneficent, and then to make it so.

A Selfish View of Expansion.

Let us consider the expanison question on purely selfish grounds. Let us conceive of the Philippine Islands as inhabited by a warlike race of baboons. That hypothesis eliminates all idea of "humanity," which, by the way, has had little to do with the settlement and evolution of man on this terrestrial ball. That hypothesis also eliminates constitutional questions, and the especial fear that Tagals may displace lodging-house bums in the civilization and citizenship of the first ward of Chicago, a fear not shared by the haughty Celts who now control the destinies of that garden spot. There then are those baboons; they can fight, they can hide, they can live in the swamps and there are plenty of them. We send men over to fight against them. Our men will be bitten and battered with clubs; cocoanuts will fracture their skulls. They will die of fever, and still the baboons will produce their like and blithely climb trees and defy tropic diseases. Our flag has gone up and must not come down. Let us send more men to die in the jungle. But who will go? Will it be the hobo, the burglar, the politician or the jingo congressman? It will not. If any go it will be the men we need to develop our own country, the men we cannot spare. Are you raising sons to risk death in the tropics, in the subjugation of lands they cannot occupy, even if they live? If you are not you cannot ask that folly of another. If those baboons inhabited our prairies, evolution would unerringly point to their displacement by civilized men. But why should we, with our splendid possessions undeveloped, with homes awaiting coming millions in our unoccupied lands, why should we, at the heedless yawp of politicians, send forth our sons to an inhospitable land to fight an unequal battle against an invincible confederacy of microbes and baboons? Miasma will rot down our flag which apes cannot pull down. It will not be long before the American people

will curse the day with a good heartfelt, selfish curse, without need for humanitarian basis, they will arise and mightily curse the day when they were by jingoes plunged into mire, miasma and monkeys, mistaking those things for glory.

Liberating Judaism.

Last Sunday was a memorable day in the history of Sinai Congregation, Chicago. With high music, stately ritual, scholarship and oratory they celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution of Sunday services. The great auditorium was filled with two great audiences. The forenoon exercises extended over three hours and the evening exercises nearly two hours and a half. Doctor Kohler of New York, who was the minister of Sinai twenty-five years ago, Doctor Sale of St. Louis, Doctor Landsburg of Rochester, Doctor Levy of Philadelphia, Doctor Gries of Cleveland and Doctor Mayer of Pittsburg were present and made addresses. Over the platform in floral decoration was the German text of Doctor Kohler's address at the inaguration twenty-five years ago, "The New Wisdom, but the Old Faith." UNITY extends its congratulation to the local congregation and expresses its admiration of the ability and the consecration which this celebration represents. But there is more than a local triumph here. The event celebrated is of profound significance, not only to the Jew, but to the student of religion in all phases. Probably it is one of the most important steps taken by a religious organization of any name within the last quarter of a century toward spiritualizing religion. The Deuteronomic reform under Josiah tried to identify Jewish devotion with a place, to make Jerusalem and Judaism inseparable. That failed. Jerusalem went down, was abandoned; Judaism remained; in the long run was greatly the gainer from the capture, the overthrow and the final sacking. In the same way, though not at so definite a point, the friends of Judaism have labored to bind Judaism to the seventh day of the week, to make its interest and the Saturday Sabbath rest day identical. Again, by forces it cannot control, the Saturday rest day has been devastated and destroyed as affectually as ever Jerusalem was sacked. And now the prophetic elements in Judaism, through these brave leaders, who, in this country, follow the initiative of the elder Doctor Hirsch and Doctor Einhorn, are proving that though the Saturday Sabbath is practically gone, Judaism remains, and, as in the case of the lost Jerusalem, Judaism is the immense gainer. It is circumstances forcing spiritual elements to the front. It is the logic of history, the evolution of spirit, the continuous revelation of God in human experience eliminating the temporal, the external, the material out of religion that thereby the ethical, spiritual and universal elements may become more and more a reality. There is a lesson in this celebration to the gentile world and the Christian religion. Every attempt to identify Christianity with fixed form, settled formula, closed ritual or creed, is a menace to that Christianity, and the growth and future of Christianity is always dependent upon its ability to shave off, one after another, these limiting externalities in the interest of the limitless potency within. Judaism and Christianity, together with all the religions of the world, must learn over and over again the lesson that only the spirit is permanent, forms must change and formulas often break, but principles endure. "Not the day but the spirit, not the form but the life" was the cry at Sinai Temple last Sunday. It is the cry of the age. It is the message of the times. The full proceedings of this jubilee celebration are to be published in the *Reform Advocate*, which we commend to our readers. When published we will be glad to reproduce such portions of it as our space will permit. The Jews of America and of the nineteeth century, in accepting Sunday as their day of rest and worship, have made no concession to Christianity, but they offer a challenge to the Christian world to go forward with them into the universalities of religion and that universal brotherhood of man which rests in the fatherhood of God.

A Chicago Incident.

The year 1895 marks a crisis in the history of Chicago. By that year the spoils system had brought the municipal government of an imperial city to the lowest depths of inefficiency and corruption. The city hall was an asylum of party retainers, who divided up the public revenues, controlled party management and stood between the people and their government. The city council was literally a den of thieves. About six-sevenths of its members were banded together to plunder the public and blackmail corporations. The council "gang" sold every public right, for which purchasers could be found, and organized syndicates to hold certain public grants until purchasers should appear. All this was done with hardly a pretense of concealment.

The contemptuous and growing disregard of public opinion by the spoilsmen finally produced an effect on the people. Private citizens slowly came to realize that even their personal interests were endangered, that there is a close relation between public and private morals, and that every citizen owes something in the nature of knight service to the state. By 1894 the conviction that the thorough reform of the municipal civil service was a fundamental condition of even decent public administration had taken deep root in Chicago. Private citizens were at least aroused to the disgrace and danger of leaving local administration to a lot of common scoundrels. This led to the civil service law of 1895, the first step toward better things. Then came the organization of the Municipal Voters' League and its practical leadership in securing a council that should be responsive to and representative of public sentiment. The League has since led in three municipal campaigns. As a result of this movement, of the fifty-seven out of sixty-eight members of the council who constituted "the gang" of 1895, but seven now remain, and the council is about equally divided between the representatives of public and private interests. Since 1895 but one general "boodle ordinance" has been passed and a veto of that would have been sustained.

This improvement in the representative quality of the Chicago council led to some dramatic and significant results. It had long been more than suspected that public service corporations were the real sources of municipal misrule in American cities. Common bribery, not blackmail, has made our municipal governments a reproach to the American name. The great street railway corporations of Chicago at once scented danger in the improvement of its council. Instead of joining to secure a body of high character,

in whose hands their interests, as well as those of the public, would have been safe, these corporations, or some of them, supplied funds to aid notorious boodlers to secure seats in the council. Not only this, but they at once appealed from a council which they could not control to the legislature, and forced through the Allen Law in defiance of public opinion and by means which has foully disgraced the state. But this desperate course has failed. The city has refused to extend the franchises of the companies on any terms while the Allen Law stands unrepealed. About four-fifths of the members of the legislature who voted for the act in defiance of public sentiment failed of reëlection. The present legislature will repeal the obnoxious law. The prospect now is that legislation will be substituted for it under which public rights will be protected and a just settlement made.

This contest, which is by means closed, is rich in promise of better municipal government. The despair among good citizens of 1895 has given place to confidence in their power. It is already clear that representative government can be recovered, and that both state and municipal governments can again be made representative of public interests and responsive to public opinion. To this end the reform movement must be persistent. Of merely spasmodic efforts we have had enough. E. B. S.

Notes.

Professor James of Harvard, discussing the question of immortality, believes that "the whole material universe is a thin veil of phenomena, covering the deeper facts of a spiritual sort which constitute the whole universe." While there is a limit to an exact measurement of the physical universe (which we put into the law of the conservation of energy), Professor James argues, with Professor Wundt, that the amount of possible consciousness in the universe is governed by no such law. "There seems to be no formal limit to the possible increase of being in spiritual respects. The supply of individual life in the universe can never exceed the demand, the demand for every supply always being present. The eternal spirit of the universe has an inexhaustible capacity for love. This is a democratic universe in which your paltry exclusiveness plays no regulative part." This lecture of Professor James cannot be fairly placed before the reader by any extract or brief comment. It should be read as a whole as one of the ablest productions ever penned on this subject.

Those who wish to get hold of two of the best articles on modern evolution—three, in fact—should turn to the *Monist* for January. These articles are by Professor C. Lloyd Morgan, Professor Alfred H. Lloyd and the Rev. Oliver H. P. Smith. This one number of the *Monist* is worth more than a year's subscription.

Edward Atkinson, our able statistician, has a mania on the subject of territorial expansion. We have already received his pamphlet, "The Hell of War and Its Penalties," and now we have the supplement to this blazing pamphlet. We have not one word to say in favor of war, but has not Mr. Atkinson discovered that the Spanish war is over and that the question of territorial expansion is also one of the past? Things move with great rapidity in these days. It will not do for a man with a hobby to ride it persistently, in spite of events. Let Mr. Atkinson now sit down and seriously write us a pamphlet on the "Hell of Peace" and tell us all the horrible crimes, the accidents, the dangers, moral and material, connected with the most quiet and peaceful conditions of society. Let him turn over his statistics and tell us how many accidents have occurred, owing to the use of steam, since it has been applied to boats and cars. He might then give us a prophetic blast on the extraordinary facilities and other evils coincident with the coming universal use of electricity. There is such a thing as being a false prophet, even while telling a vast number of truths.

A capital address on English spelling, read by George D. Broomell, before the Chicago Society of Proofreaders, has reached my table. The address is so compact that nothing like a summary of it can be given. Prof. Broomell indorses, and quotes, Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull, who says: "The modern orthografy is superlativly unhistorical. Insted of guiding us to, it draws us away from, the 'wel of English undefiled.'" Also Max Muller, who says: "None coud call the present spelling historical or etymological, and I believe the loss occasioned by consistent fonetic spelling coud hardly be greater than the gain." And Professor Lounsbury, who said, in an article in the *Century* magazine, "All linguistic scolars ar unanimus in regard to the desirability of a change." "This unanimity of scolars can no longer be questiond." The weight of authority is altogether in favor of reform, and we hope that it may come in in time for the new century to be busy with something else than learning to spell what it cannot pronounce.

If we are a free, self-governing people, we can blame nobody but ourselves for our misfortunes. No one will come to help us out of them. If we have bad laws men whom we elected made them. If we wish them repealed and just laws instituted in their stead we must elect better men to the Legislature.—*J. Sterling Morton in the Conservative.*

E. P. POWELL.

Professor Henderson's Scheme of Education

It is evident to all who follow the literature of education that there is an almost unanimous agreement among those writers who ought to be in a position to judge impartially, that our present systems, as worked out in our primary and high schools, have grave defects, defects which are of such a serious nature that their cure demands treatment which is little short of revolutionary in its scope. In saying this I do not wish to imply that they are not infinitely preferable to the conditions which preceded them. But our motto in education should be "Only the best is good enough for us." Various modifications or complete changes have been suggested by the several writers upon education for the cure of present defects, but none of them have, I think, reached the high level which Prof. Henderson occupies. It seems to me that his plan of education is the nearest to being in complete harmony with nature's laws of any that has yet been proposed. I will make some extracts from his writings with the hope of getting the readers of UNITY interested in and acquainted with his work. Believing, as I do, that all of our problems—industrial, political, social and religious—must be adjusted by education, it naturally follows that only the truest method can give us the best results. But I must allow Prof. Henderson to tell his own story in his own way:

"The main question in education is simply this. What type of men and women do we wish to prevail? What *is* the social ideal toward which we wish to work? And the one question of method is, what process will produce this type, will realize this ideal?

Here follows a letter which gives his ideal, but lack of space will not permit me to give it in this paper. Speaking of conduct, he says:

"Conduct has to do with the whole of life, and education which has to do with conduct will have to do with the whole of life. There is no action ethically indifferent. Even the bodily functions, the act of breathing, the beating of the heart, the process of digestion ..... are the product of knowable conditions, and as such are under the indirect control of the informed spirit ..... Since all these functions are open to modification, they are open to improvement, and

the *quality* of the life dependent on them may be made better or worse. In the last analysis, every act of life, be it bodily or intellectual, is usually significant. ..... As Spencer puts it, 'the performance of every function is, in a sense, a moral obligation.' ..... Plato, you may remember, speaks of the world as a product of the divine *ungrudgingness*. ..... The human life to which most nearly approaches the divine is steeped in this same generosity and openness. We want to drink greedily of this cup of life. We want to press it upon others, for it is good. This is not alone the teaching of modern science. It is, as well, the song of modern verse. Life, in its fullness and totality, means much. ..... It means the life of the body, that it shall be clean, sweet and wholesome; it means the life of the intellect, that it shall be keen, inquisitive, receptive and creative; it means the life of the emotions, that they shall be strong, deep and human. These needs of the complete man ..... must be recognized and gratified if life, in its fulness and totality, is to be realized. ..... The common conception of man's nature is dualistic ..... This conception, which, from an educational point of view, is certainly unfortunate, is founded upon the current dualistic philosophy, which discerns a universe made of mind and matter.

"Even more particularly is it founded upon that theological dualism which makes the spirit and the body the most unhappy of partners, forever at warfare, and each defeating the other's best interests.

"It is a philosophy whose logical extreme is asceticism, and would land us, like poor Simon Stylites, on the top of a pillar of useless renunciation.

"It would lead us to miserably dwarf our natures, instead of gloriously expanding them. ..... This dualistic philosophy is the very opposite of the philosophy involved in manual training, and the new education generally.

'The systems of education founded upon dualism must seem to us false and irreverent. The truer conception of life is monistic. It dwells not upon the shadows and the cold and the evils of life, the subjective demons of negation, but upon the brightness and warmth and goodness of life, upon the joy and sunshine and beauty of nature.

"This is the positive material out of which we are to construct our world, and this vivifying, beautiful spirit comes to us, not from Edwards and Calvin, but from men like Emerson and Froeble, men who believed in righteousness rather than sin, in light rather than darkness, in heat rather than cold.

"Our image of the complete man is, then, the image of a unit, of an organic whole, and the educational process, whose sole function is to expand and develop and perfect this organism, must address itself to the whole task, must deal with man as a unit, with his emotional, physical life, as well as his intellectual life. .....

"Development must be continuous, and must proceed step by step. And this, let me repeat, not merely because it is desirable to have sound and warm hearts, and evolved intellects, but because they depend one upon another and cannot be separated. I conceive this unity of man to be the very basis of the new education. It is certainly the foundation of all we do in manual training. ..... In thus seeking the philosophy of the new education we assuredly stand at the parting of the ways.

"It is useless to blink the fact. Indeed it is worse; it is cowardly. Let us frankly admit it—everything *is* involved. When you scrutinize your educational creed, you scrutinize your religious creed, your ethical creed and your social creed as well. .....

"This view of man, of unit man, offers a new avenue of approach to the spirit. Every good thought strengthens and vitalizes the body. Every wholesome exercise of the body invigorates the spirit. ..... I need not point out the evolutionary significance of such a training. If we accept evolution, if we believe that man is the reaction of the world environment on the human spirit, we will not be slow to seize upon the thought that it is now possible to direct this reaction and so make evolution a conscious process.

"The exercise of every faculty, short of the point of fatigue, brings a strengthening of that faculty. .....

"It is this development of a many-sided interest that enriches life and makes each day a welcome experience. It is loss of interest that makes the tragedy of old age."

There is a good deal being said and written (in certain quarters) to-day about the so-called "Bankruptcy of Science." Science (using the modern definitive) is very young, a child of to-day. Suppose we try her methods for a few hundred years and then make a comparison. Where can we find a more promising field for such trial than in the domain of education? Was it not one of the greatest teachers of mankind who, when he wished to impart some of his most valuable lessons, called a little child and used him for a text? To-day is it not as true as it was eighteen hundred years ago, that all which makes for progress and betterment in the world lies potentially in the domain of childhood? If this is true, how important that we look to our methods of training.

ALVIN JOINER.

The Other Side.

Now that UNITY has entered more fully the field of civics and is taking a hand in the molding of opinion as to men and measures—an undertaking most vital to society—it will, of course, try to give both sides. In this way UNITY will help establish a system where error will be eradicated and truth discovered. This requires that both sides of each class question may be presented by those who believe in their cause. Where the system is such that only one side of class questions is given there is a misrepresentation of God's laws, for where one man attempts to state both sides of a case he at some point or other is sure to understate or overstate the case. In courts of justice it is considered infamous for one man to attempt to present both sides of a case. If this is true in cases of fact between individuals, how much more true must it be where the question is one between classes in society and involves masses of facts and the determination of laws of nature?

Now to the point wherein I wish to state the other side: Mr. Kent, in a signed paragraph, says: "Mayor Harrison is vigorously attacked in the one part of his armour that to the fair and intelligent portion of the public is the strongest. Governor Altgeld accuses Harrison of being in secret league with the traction companies. * * * The mayor's every action belies such a charge."

The facts, as I understand them, are as follows:

Last autumn the twenty-year franchise under which the street railways are operating had one-fourth of the time yet to run, namely, about five years. Mr. Harrison publicly stated that he thought the street car companies should soon have given them a twenty-year franchise, with the right to collect a five-cent fare and pay ten per cent. of it to the city.

This statement was put forth at the Central Music Hall meeting. After Mayor Harrison had spoken the audience called for ex-Governor Altgeld. He, in speaking, called attention to the length of time which the franchises have yet to run and demanded that there should be no extension of them till 1903, and that in the meantime the people should investigate the question of the proper rate of fare and, above all, the question of municipal ownership. As a majority of the mayors who are in the League of American Municipalities have declared for municipal ownership, the demand made by Governor Altgeld is in line with the progressive thought of practical men. Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, says:

"The enormous sums of money contributed for purposes of political control by the corporations enjoying municipal monopoly privileges have given us the boss system in its present form. And the boss system, which in fact knows no distinctions of political party, is fast destroying state and municipal government as the steadfast and loyal servitor, defender and promoter of the public interest.

Mayor Harrison answered through an interview the next day. He said that he favored municipal ownership in principle, but that it could not be applied in Chicago, as it was only the franchises of the trunk lines which expired in 1903. This is the argument put forth by those who pose as advocates of the principle of municipal ownership, but are claiming that a twenty-year franchise should be granted to the stockholders in the traction companies of this city.

Our answer is this: The city, by controlling the trunk lines and having the right to grant to itself the

privilege of paralleling the lines whose franchises do not expire until later than 1903, controls the situation and therefore can dictate terms to the traction companies. In other words, if the city starts in on municipal ownership in 1903, the traction companies will, as to the unexpired portions, be glad to sell the rails, cars and franchises for almost as reasonable a sum as they would at the expiration of the contract with the city.

Now, as to Mayor Harrison's offer to extend the franchises for twenty years and to date them from five years from last fall: He favored a net 4½-cent fare to the traction companies when the modern history of street railways demonstrates that a 2½-cent fare or a 3-cent fare will yield a fair rate of profit on the capital invested. The traction companies would be delighted to get a 4½-cent rate for twenty years if they cannot have it for fifty years. In twenty years such a contract would be worth in the neighborhood of fifty to seventy millions of dollars to them, besides the benefits which will come from improved methods of transportation and the growth of the city. Such being the case, is it not reasonable to question Mr. Harrison's conduct in the matter? What can Yerkes, Bowen et al. afford to pay for such a contract? The mayor's vote is necessary, as is also the support of the principal newspapers of Chicago. If these papers and the mayor champion the traction companies' interests instead of the interests of the public, whom they are under obligation to support, what else can we think of them but that it is fixed so that it is to their personal interests to be recreant to the trust imposed in them?

Furthermore, the policy of paying to the 1-10 of each 5-cent fare is a tax of ½ cent for the right to travel on the highway—a mediæval system of taxation. It taxes every working man, woman and child in order that the tax of the wealthy may be lightened.

Chicago, January 9, 1899. GEO. H. SHIBLEY.

[Whether compensation should be levied on the companies in the form of a reduced fare or as a percentage tax to be used for keeping public streets in decent order is a great question.

Mayor Harrison probably more fully understands the choatic conditions of franchises from council and legislature than does Mr. Shibley, and expressed himself as anxious to get ready for municipal ownership by making one of the conditions of extension, a waiver of all claims under an act of the legislature, which on its face gives rights running till 1958.

At present rates of wages and cost of materials, and considering the length of haul of on the West and South sides, those who have looked in the question on behalf of the people believe that a 2½-cent fare is now impossible, whether under private or public operation, and that after losing all interest on capital invested, there would be a deficit. See statement of City Railway Company, published Jan. 17, 1899.

A quiet veto of the ordinance might have been overridden. Many such vetoes have been given in the past. The traction companies have accused the mayor of using every weapon at hand against them. Their spokesman, Ald. Spencer Kimbell, has never failed in his violent abuse of an executive who as he claimed tried to "coerce."

Those whom we disagree with are not necessarily dishonest. WM. KENT.]

Peace.

'Tis not in seeking,
'Tis not in endless striving,
Thy quest is found.
Be still and listen;
Be still and drink the quiet
Of all around.

Not for thy crying,
Not for thy loud beseeching,
Will peace draw near:
Rest with palms folded;
Rest with thine eyelids fallen—
Lo! peace is here.

Edward Rowland Sill.

It is much easier to think right without doing right than to do right without thinking right.—*Hare Brothers.*

Curiosities of Literature.

There is something brave about the old Puritanism of New England. Their universe included a God and a Devil, a Heaven and a Hell, and they faced the various combinations without a blink. We must go back to what people preached in the days of creed making to know what they intended by their manufacture. Some passages from the sermons of the great and logical Jonathan Edwards (1702-1758) seem pertinent, as showing what Hell really, truly is:

So that thus it is, that natural men are held in the hand of God over the pit of hell; and God is dreadfully provoked, his anger is as great toward them as to those that are actually suffering executions of the fierceness of his wrath in hell, and they have done nothing in the less to appease or abate that anger, neither is God in the least bound by any promise to hold them up one moment; the Devil is waiting for them, Hell is gaping for them, the flames gather and flash about them, and would fain lay hold on them and swallow them up.

* * * *

The bow of God's wrath is bent, and the arrow made ready on the string, and justice bends the arrow at your heart and strains the bow, and it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God and that of an angry God, without any promise or obligation at all, that keeps the arrow one moment from being made drunk with your blood.

* * * *

The God that holds you over the pit of Hell, much as one holds a spider, or some loathsome insect, over the fire, abhors you and is dreadfully provoked; his wrath toward you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times as abominable in his eyes as the most hateful and venomous serpent is in ours.

* * * *

Be entreated to consider attentively how great and awful a thing Eternity is. Although you cannot comprehend it the more by considering, yet you may be made more sensible that it is not a thing to be disregarded. Do but consider what it is to suffer extreme torment forever and ever; to suffer it day and night, from one day to another, from one year to another, from one age to another, from one thousand ages to another, and so, adding age to age, and thousands to thousands, in pain, in wailing and lamenting, groaning and shrieking, and gnashing your teeth and every member full of racking torture, without any possibility of getting ease; without any possibility of moving God to pity by your cries; without any possibility of hiding yourselves from him; without any possibility of diverting your thoughts from your pain; without any possibility of obtaining any manner of mitigation, or help, or change for the better any way.

* * * *

When after you shall have worn out the age of the sun, moon, and stars, in your dolorous groans and lamentations, without any rest day or night, or one minute's ease, yet you shall have no hope of ever being delivered; when after you shall have worn out a thousand more such ages, yet you shall have no hope, but shall know that you are not one whit nearer to the end of your torments; but that still there are the same groans, the same shrieks, the same doleful cries, incessantly to be made by you, and that the smoke of your torment shall still ascend up, forever and ever; and that your souls, which shall have been agitated with wrath of God all this while, yet will exist to bear more wrath; your bodies, which shall have been burning and roasting all this while in these glowing flames, yet shall not have been consumed, but will remain to roast through an Eternity yet, which will not have been at all shortened by what shall have been past.

* * * *

The damned in Hell will have two infinites perpetually to amaze them and swallow them up; one is an infinite God, whose wrath they will bear, and whom they will behold their perfect and irreconcilable enemy. The other is the infinite duration of their torment.

* * * *

The just damnation of the wicked, will be an occasion of rejoicing to the saints in glory. It will not be because they delight in seeing the misery of the others absolutely considered. The damned suffering divine vengeance will be no occasion of joy to the saints merely as it is the misery of others, or because it is pleasant to them to behold the misery of others merely for its own sake. The rejoicing of the saints on this occasion is no argument that they are not of a most amiable and excellent spirit, or that there is any defect on that account, that there is anything wanting, which would render them of a more amiable disposition.

* * * *

God glorifies himself in the eternal damnation of ungodly men. God glorifies himself in all that he doth; but he glorifies

himself principally in his eternal disposal of his intelligent creatures; some are appointed to everlasting life and others left to everlasting death.

* * * *

It will occasion rejoicing in the saints as they will have the greater sense of their own happiness, by seeing the contrary misery. It is the nature of pleasure and pain, of happiness and misery, greatly to heighten the sense of each other. Thus the seeing of the happiness of others tends to make men more sensible of their own calamities; and the seeing of the calamities of others tends to heighten the sense of our own enjoyments.

* * * *

If you are a saint read that again and gloat. If you are a sinner get out from under the road-roller, and when your bones are mended, mend your ways.

Good Poetry.

Sleep.

Lull me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful sound
Seems from some faint Æolian harp-string caught;
Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of thought
As Hermes with his lyre in sleep profound
The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus bound;
For I am weary, and am over-wrought
With too much toil, with too much care distraught,
And with the iron crown of anguish crowned.
Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek,
O peaceful Sleep! until from pain released
I breathe again uninterrupted breath!
Ah, with what subtle meaning did the Greek
Call thee the lesser mystery at the feast
Whereof the greater mystery is death!

Henry W. Longfellow.

To the Night.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thy opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!
When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother, Death, came and cried
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou are dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belov'd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

P. B. Shelley.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Out Doors.

A brawling, vigorous infant, the great river starts its life in the far away grandeur of the Rockies. Growing in power and greed, it sweeps down through the plans' country, its predatory waters laden and brown with the fruit of its pilferings. In somber majesty it winds southward through forests of oak, on and on toward its eternity in the Gulf of Mexico. But into eternity it cannot carry its possessions, and the continental thief has left them on the shore. In jungles of cypress and gum, underlaid with rank grasses and dwarf palm, is stored the rich plunder of its lifetime.

In this great Delta country lies Lake Maurepas, possessing a strange beauty all its own. Its brackish waters have in them a faint savor of the sea. Under a tropic summer sun the gray lake, a perfect mirror, reflects the pale cast of the sky. All about the circle of its shore it is surrounded by a forest of flat-topped cypress with an even, unbroken sky line. The trees have crowded down around the lake to look at their reflections in the glassy water. It seems wrong to break that peaceful sheen with a steam launch, but possibly the hole in the water made by man's carriage will not do permanent damage.

We steam across the nine miles of diameter to a great bayou and are making nearer acquaintance with the scene. We follow up one branch after another, until the trees meet over our heads. The banks are low and the line between land and water is an uncertain swamp, raised here and there by tussocks of grass and decaying logs. The great trees spring up out of shallow water. Cypress and gum are alike buttressed and braced at their roots. Following up the cypress trunks, we see none of the slender grace we know in the pine. Abruptly they spread out in an umbrella of foliage, a great circular playground for the sunbeams, while hung to every limb are the ravelled rags of gray moss. The water teems with life. Great gar pike lie asleep on the surface. Every log and hummock that the sun can reach has its basking assembly of sluggish moccasins, with an occasional variation in a lithe and vicious little copperhead. As we turn a bend we see a great alligator crossing the bayou with much of his body showing. He does not plunge nor hasten as we approach; he quietly goes his way, but always sinking lower and lower, till nothing is visible but what might be taken for a floating cork, moving as if steadily drawn by an invisible cord. That is his eye. He wants to see all he can of us, but realizes that his hide is of commercial value. Finally, without a ripple, that eye sinks out of sight, and we wonder how we thought that we ever saw anything there. Fishing in those waters has the charm of uncertainty, and yonder little half naked negro with his rod has become a philosopher. He may pull in a meal of bass; he may catch fish that belong in salt water. He may haul in a snake and have the time of his life in getting his hook and line out of trouble, or he may feel such a long, strong pull that he calmly resigns his tackle to a shark or an alligator. These stretches of overshadowed swamp have a human interest. To the inexperienced they would seem absolutely uninhabitable. But as we turn another bend we come to a building posted upon stilts, a negro church. There is half way up its side a clear marked water line, left by the great flood that followed the last crevasse. The Methodist persuasion must have in those days given way to militant Baptism. Every here and there along the bank are cabins set on piles, where a little soil has risen above the general level. There are a few hills of corn

and the broad leaves of tobacco. Chickens and razor-backed hogs tramp about just as they might anywhere else, usually keeping away from the water's edge, where an alligator patiently waits to flip them in with his tail. Beside the house is a great raft, upon which Noah may be called to put his live stock and all his other possessions should a levee break and the great river come over to take a last look at its possessions. The negro as an animal is here at his best. The ragged remnants of shirt and overalls show the beauty of shiny black skin and the symmetry of splendid muscle. There is a sort of wild independence about his life, and he is again a savage, and a proud one. A few cypress trees split into staves and carried out to the lake furnish him money to buy coffee and salt and rice, fish hooks and ammunition; for the rest he relies on his little patch of ground and the bounties of the bayou and the forest. If a crevasse comes that is his harvest. He can then float out logs to the lake and he becomes a wholesale lumberman. The deer and the coons are driven to the few spots of high land and are his easy prey.

The whole forest becomes a pathway for his piroque, and the few drowned chickens that leave the raft are of small moment. That piroque is a marvel of grace and skill; it is a long, slender dugout with a hollow of but a few inches. It is harder to balance than a racing shell and bow and stern curve clear of the water. It is capable of great speed and two good men paddling keep up with our launch. It is the bicycle of the swamp. In it our negro feels so much at home as to shoot any kind of a gun he may possess at any kind of game, with any sort of load.

It is strange to think of American citizens leading such a life in these United States. But there in the depths of the swamp they fish and fight, they pray and shout and shoot, they tramp with impunity among venomous snakes and swim in the alligator infested waters; they despise mosquitoes and "water redbugs," and they never heard tell of malaria or the World's Columbian Exposition, as we modestly call our Cook county fair. When the white man gets back to New Orleans the doctor advises quinine and calomel, but anyhow it's good to see how other people live.

Mr. Eagan's remarks concerning Mr. Miles, although at first sight seemingly forcible, are decidedly unsatisfactory when submitted to analysis. In his valorous defense of the dead and the incidentally embalmed, he narrowed the scope of his remarks to the question of veracity. Mr. Miles "lied in his throat, his teeth, his hair, his collar buttons, his tooth brush and his manicure set," according to Mr. Eagan; he therefore should be "thrown out of clubs, forced to eat with a knife dropped in the sewer and be appointed Indian agent at the request of Doc Jamieson or Senator Quay." In the Southwest a custom obtains of "cussing out." If two gentlemen disagree and one gentleman suspects the other gentleman of being pusillanimous, the suspect is "cussed out." That is, in the presence of friends and neighbors, he is gently but firmly told that he is a horse thief, a "greaser;" that he is a patron of all the vices, and that if his ancestry were discoverable it would be unfit for association with the ordinary parasites known to animals or man. On such a broad foundation as this a splendid structure of obloquy can be erected, and it is considered that a gentleman who will not fight after such a tirade is by his tolerance "licked" and that shooting is unnecessary. Why didn't Mr. Eagan do a really good job while he was at it? He has shown himself, for all his chivalrous desire to enforce the "De Mortuis nil nisi bonum" idea, a being of small ability in his chosen role of blackguard and incidentally a disgrace to the American army.

WILLIAM KENT.

The Pulpit.

Lessons from Cyrano de Bergerac.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones Delivered at All Souls' Church, Chicago, January 15, 1899.

From the serious and perhaps somewhat somber series of studies in Hebrew literature, which has engaged my attention for the most part in recent pulpit efforts, I turn this morning to the latest and freshest achievement of the current drama, believing it will not only prove a rest to the overstrained attention, but that in the end we will find that the brilliant wit of a modern French poet, though he travels by different route, arrives, in the end, at the same conclusion that the grim prophets of Israel did. All genuine contributions of literature, whether they be projected from the playful mind of Edmund Rostand or from the somber heart of Jeremiah, tend to stiffen the backbone of man, physically, mentally, morally. Let the permanent creations of the human mind in literature be called psalm or prophecy, prose or poetry; let the poetry be lyric, epic, didactic or dramatic; let the drama be tragedy or "heroic comedy," as Rostand calls this composition; if they be genuine contributions to literature, that is, true reflections of the universal elements in life, they enlarge and deepen the life of the student; in other words, they make for character and character is the end and test of religion.

You will find in the newspapers the story of the triumph of this drama. We are told that the original has met with a success on the Paris stage which Victor Hugo himself did not know. The great triumph of Richard Mansfield here and elsewhere is one of the surprises of the day.

The story itself is quickly told. Cyrano de Bergerac is a turbulent poet, whose seething brain is full of fire, ideality, moral and physical courage. The qualities of his mind are such as win friends; his soul is admirable, but his ardent ideality and rash independency, coupled with a grotesque countenance, make him the butt of ridicule and a disturbing element wherever he goes. His brilliant eyes and noble brow are so discounted by an absurd nose as to remove him, as he thinks, forever from the love of woman and the amenities and consolations that come therefrom. But, of course, this poet-soldier must love, and does love, with all the intensity of his flaming nature, and his love is centered on a young woman whose heart is drawn toward a young, handsome, but tongue-tied cavalier in Cyrano's command. The poet-soldier lends his wit to the pretty face, indulges his heart by permitting it to pass on its devotions through his handsome young rival. This double lover, with Christian's face and Cyrano's mind, of course, succeeds. But the vicissitudes of battle bring death to the successful youth at the moment when he discovers how little of the woman's love is really his own, and before he is able to disentangle the subtle web which his timidity and his love wove about him and his fair Roxane. For fifteen years more did the long-nosed poet carry with sublime chivalry the secret, contenting himself with the friendship of the virgin widow, who spent her years in sweet sadness within the walls of a nunnery, an unvowed sister. It is only when Cyrano staggers to the old accustomed chair to chat over the week's news that she discovers that this philosopher, poet, reformer, idealist, has been all along the lover, the soul whom she has loved behind the face of Christian. But Cyrano, heroic to the last, dies on his feet, defying sham, fraud and flattery.

The time setting is 1640 to 1655. The scene is laid in France. The first act transpires in a Parisian theater; the second, in a poet's eating house; the third, in

a quiet corner of old Paris, a midnight street scene; the fourth, on the battle line in the seige of Arras, where the cadets of Gascony are stationed; the fifth, in the outer park of the nunnery, where the autumn leaves are falling fast.

If you ask why this popularity, what it is that secures the marvelous success, financial and otherwise, to this play. I answer:

First, because people still love art. Even in this commercial age and in this undeveloped western life of ours, the public heart, the common heart, still loves beauty, and in some large way, in a fair test, their instincts can be trusted. Richard Mansfield, who has won for this play its American success, is an artist in the best sense of the word. He is a man of culture, a man of brains, a man of generous impulses and wide observation, a man who loves the poets for their own great worth and brings all these qualifications to the service of the great inclusive art of the dramatist, for the drama at its highest combines in one splendid synthesis, poet, painter, sculptor, musician and orator. All these arts have been consolidated by the French author, Edmund Rostand, and the English actor, Richard Mansfield.

I, who am seldom in the theater, after witnessing the ethical power of Mansfield in this combination, renew my conviction that the theater will in due time return to the mother that gave it being and become again an ally to the church that nursed it in its infancy. The drama and the pulpit must make common cause in the interest of morals and religion.

The success of this play is refreshing to those who believe in the essential soundness of human nature. It justifies the faith of Robert Browning that democracy and not aristocracy is the hope of art; that the people and not lords, nobles and princes are to be the patrons of art in the future. It was free Florence that developed the brilliant age of the masters of Christian art, and when freedom returns to Florence the great art poet, Robert Browning, predicts that there will be another Renaissance. The passion for the beautiful will complete the task begun by Giotto and the matchless campanile will be crowned with its golden spire. The success of Mansfield in this play is a rebuke to the faithless threatrical managers and an arraignment of the cheap playwriters of our day, who go on the theory that the people do not want and will not support genuine art or high drama. It is not true that the people—I mean the common people, if there be any real significance in the adjective—will not appreciate the products of genius; that they are insensible to real beauty and indifferent to genuine power.

Let me be more specific. I would say that the second reason for the popularity of this play is found in the fact of its humor. People love wit, and true wit, as the good Saxon word implies, is closely allied to wisdom. Rumor is ever within calling distance of tears. No better tribute to poet or to actor can be given than that so much of the way through you do not know whether to laugh or to cry, and oftentimes I noted that throughout the sympathetic audience smiles and tears were discoverable at the same time. This play abounds in fun, but it is the delicate fun of the philosopher, the subtle wit of the thinker, the graceful play from grave to gay, which is so lightning-like in its flashes as to be almost Shakesperean. Exquisite is this exposure of the absurd sentimentalism of the private gathering to listen to the discourse on the "tender passion" to which Roxane's attendant was so anxious lest they might be late. The Duenna found with rapture that the knocker was bandaged with linen cloths, "muffled, that its iron clang might not disturb the discourse like a wicked child." And this woman, worthy a place in the sentimental art club of to-day, raises with infinite care the gagged metal and raps softly.

The fun would be rollicking were it not so subtle in that scene where Cyrano, who has just dropped from the moon, holds back the clumsy Count de Guiche, while the midnight wooing is being carried on within. This apparition, who has dropped before the hot-headed soldier, tells him that he has fallen from the moon, that his eyes are full of star dust and his spurs encumbered with planet filaments, and he picks off the comet hair from his doublet; that the Great Bear bit him in the leg; that in trying to dodge the sharp prongs of Neptune's trident, he fell into the scales, whose needle at that moment was marking his weight up in the heavens, and that if you pressed his nose it would spurt milk from the Milky Way; that he discovered on his journey thither that Sirius puts on a nightcap and that the other Bear is too small to bite; that he snapped a string as he passed through Lyre; that he had brought a few golden stars in his scorched cloak along with him; they might serve as asterisks in a book he is going to write about this. When all these devices fail to hold the impatient lover longer he proceeds to tell him of the ways by which he could win his way back to the moon—six ways by which he could violate the "virgin azure."

One was to cover himself with dewdrops and then expose himself to the full blaze of the sun, which would draw him up with the morning moisture.

The second: He proposed to make a whirlwind by rarifying the air in a cedar chest with burning mirrors.

Third: By manufacturing a steel grasshopper that would be set off with successive blazes of powder, and thus he would

"Travel through the blue pastures, where the stars are gazing."

Fourth: Since all smoke must rise, he was going to blow enough into a globe to lift him up.

Skipping the fifth as being too subtle for our uses, the

Sixth was a master stroke, for he proposed to seat himself upon a plate of iron and then throw a magnate into the air. The iron would follow, and when it overtook the magnate he would throw it again, and by this means ascend indefinitely. No wonder that the enraged count, who had been lured away, as the children were lured by the flute of the Pied Piper of Hamlin, abates his indignation with admiration as he says:

"My compliments—Sir Apparatus maker!
Your story would arrest at Peter's gate
Saints eager for their paradise."

But wit is but one element of poetry. The success of this play proves that the people love poetry in its broader sense; that, notwithstanding all that is said about this being a prosaic age, the ominous forecasts concerning the dominating spirit of commercialism, the suppressing influence of trades' unions, economic laws, etc., there is still a large place, even in our lives, for poetry, poetry in its largest sense, the language of art, the mirror of the soul, the land of dreams, that radiance that "never was on land or sea." We are assured that the French original is a beautiful poem, but in either of the two translations which I have at hand there is abundant evidence that this poet-soldier, whatever his historic prototype may have been, is born out of a poet's brain, his mouth is filled with poetry, and the men, women and things he touches respond with poetry. Those of you to whom Mansfield's interpretations have been denied need not miss the subtle meaning and larger power of this drama. Indeed, like all great dramas, it is acted at a cost. The bewilderment of the settings, the rapidity of the movement, the distractions and elusions incident to stupid supernumeraries, and the aggravations of unsympathetic listeners, all detract from the ultimate charm of a great poem. It is a great privilege to witness an Irving or a Booth in their Hamlet interpretations, but it is a greater privilege to be able to sit down in the privacy of your own room and for the fiftieth time find

yourself one with the melancholy Dane, with no intervening media between your mind and the soul of Shakespeare. Cyrano de Bergerac will stand the test of reading. Happy he who may take it at first hand in the French, but not forlorn is he who loses himself in the buoyant spirit, the happy quiddities and winning pictures found in the English of it.

A fourth reason for the popularity of this play I find in the old saw that "everybody loves a lover." And here is love, warm, beautiful, exalting love, the good old-fashioned sentiment of the human heart, dazzling the eyes, bewildering the mind and in the long run clarifying the conscience. In my limited acquaintance with the drama, I know not where to stop this side of the balcony scene in Shakespeare, where Romeo and Juliet, laureate lovers in literature, pour their souls out to one another, for a more beautiful, exalted or intoxicating overflow of the passionate heart than that given us in this other balcony scene, where, in the cover of the night, our long-nosed poet lends to the mute Christian, hid under the balcony, his own fervid heart. When Roxane charges her lover with halting speech the ingenius Cyrano replies:

"Because it now is night; and in the dark
They grope about, striving to find your ear."
Roxane:
"But mine encounter no such obstacles."
Cyrano:
"They find their way at once?
That is not strange,
"Because 'tis in my heart that I receive them—
My heart is large—your ear is wondrous small.
Besides, your words descend; their pace is swift,
While mine must climb, Madam, a longer task."
Roxane:
"But they climb better in these last few moments."
Cyrano:
"As they have practiced, they have learned the way."
Roxane:
"Truly, 'tis from a height I speak to you."
Cyrano:
And you would kill me, if you should let fall
From such a height, a hard word on my heart."

When she offers to come down, the unfortunate poet, who has the chance of his life, says no:

"For a moment let me
Improve this chance which offers—to be able
To talk in accents soft, but not to see."
Roxane:
"But not to see?"
Cyrano:
"Yes, 'tis a sheer delight;
We guess at one another in the dark,
You see the blackness of a trailing cloak,
I see the whiteness of a summer robe,
And I am but a shadow, you a radiance.
You know not what these moments mean for me!"

Even the red hair of the bride is transmitted in this fervid heat, so that its radiance burns.

"Into my soul;
And just as he, who at the sun too long
Has gazed, sees circles red where'er he looks;
So when I left the flames in which I swam
My eyes saw blots of gold on everything."

Nor is this love moonshine, for later along it stood the test of the garish light of day, which proved his words true:

"This is love, indeed, with all its mournful madness!
Is love indeed, and yet it is not selfish!
Ah, for your joy I'd gladly give my own,
Even if you should never know; if I
Might sometimes from afar hear the soft laugh
Of happiness born from my sacrifice—
Your very look rouses new worth in me,
Do you begin to understand it now?
And feel my soul climb slowly through the dark?"

But the fifth and last reason for the popularity of this play I find in the fact that here we are permitted to see heroism, always the charm of the human soul, developed from the noisy bluster of youth into the sublime fortitude of age. What began in the reckless dueling of the soldier, ends in the undaunted fortune of the philosopher. We see the youth consorting with the giddy dukes and drunken knights of the company; we see him at the end unflinchingly facing the final enemy in the conscious company of Galileo, Socrates and Copernicus. When his mind wanders he raves over the mysteries of science and he dies deserving his own epitaph:

"Philosopher, physician,
Poet, swordsman and musician,
And a traveler through the heavens to the moon!
His sword-point always ready,
His sword-arm always ready,
And a lover to whom love was not a boon!
Here lies Hercule-Savinien de Cyrano de Bergerac;
All things in turn he tried; and in all things did he lack!"

I suspect that, in its construction, this is the most modern of plays. So far as the stage is concerned, it is emphatically a one-man play. From beginning to end all the crowded life of the stage gathers around this robust poet, and as the plot develops it continues to thicken around his devoted head. He is the star and, however interesting or brilliant the attendant orbs may be, they all shine with a borrowed light and are satelities to Cyrano de Bergerac.

But before I come to my sermon ending in the story of this central figure, let us give a little thought to two or three of the other characters.

There are poets who write no poetry, they whose susceptibility is denied expression, and the inward passion falls into grotesque images when thrown on the outward screen. Poor old Ragueneau is Cyrano written absurdly small, but he knew the pride of authorship, though he never achieved anything higher than a rhymed recipe for an almond tartlett. When other recognition was denied him he paid for his own verses by singing them to himself; his movement through life was a rapid and brilliant descent from the poet-cook to the trimmer of the lights for Moliere's stage. We see him at the beginning extending proud hospitality to the poet band in his bakery, but when next we find him he is steward to the fair Roxane, and he explained the failure of the bakery on the count that "Lise loved warriors, I loved the poets, and the cakes that Apollo left Mars quickly ate, and the end soon came." Singer, bathing man, actor, beadle, wigmaker, teacher of the lute, all in turn, but ever faithful to his friends. He resigned his last position because the great Moliere had thieved a scene from Bergerac's composition, and sobbingly he told his hero how they laughed at the stolen humor. He was ever on hand in the times of greatest trouble, and he received the dying head of his great master.

Christian, the handsome shadow, who did his courting by proxy, is not, after all, the biggest of fools, for well does Cyrano say, "No one is a fool who knows himself a fool." He had good stuff in him. As a boy he was willing to fight. There were times when he was sick of the sham, weary of borrowed letters and borrowed love-making, when he longed to speak for himself. When he did try on his own account it is hard to be patient with the girl who wanted more than his simple heart could say, "I love thee." And when she asked him to vary the theme he could only say, "I love you so." There was something wrong in the girl's heart that did not discover cream and not gruel in his simple elaboration:

"Say how love possesses you."
"Oh, utterly."

When, in the wild surroundings of the battle, she at last knew herself so well, that she loved his soul and not his face, his mind and not his form, he was honest enough to recognize that at that moment she ceased to be his, that she belonged to the other, and death only interfered with his purpose to undo the perplexing tangle.

And what of Roxane? In the first place, let me confess that it is hard to be interested in this blind piece of superficiality which made one of her admirers to

feel like "a peach looking at a strawberry." She was too much enamored of flowing words and bright wit, but there is enough of her to be developed. She, too, grows with the play and she learned at last to say, "Now I love you only for your *soul*," and she mourned with high constancy the *soul* of Christian, whom she supposed was the inspired poet, a mind sublime. When at last the great truth did flash upon her, she could say, "I loved but once, yet twice I lost my love." We must forgive her stupidity, for beauty is itself a justification, and it vindicated itself when her face was the passport and her "I go to see my lover" was the password that caused the fiercest Spaniard with graceful dignity to bow low, saying, "Pass on, senorita." And then we forgive her because she was a true woman in her power to idealize, and the determination to ennóble the object of her love. Roxane played but a womanly part when she clothed the commoplace Christian with immeasurable grace. This idealization of love is probably truer to Christian than all the outward facts and halting limitations which fettered him. Somewhere and somehow the loving heart will find its tongue and the ardent soul will probe the mysteries and pierce the immensities, so that at worst Roxane but loved the Cyrano that was imbedded in Christian and is imbedded, I believe, in the veriest clodhopper who at present finds his *maximum* speech in, "I love you," "I love you so," "I love you utterly." It was not Roxane's fault, but her misfortune, that she was not farseeing enough to read the eyes behind the nose, quick eared enough to discover the soul in the voice, and not strong enough to do the last thing, for the neglect of which I can scarcely forgive her—to insist at least on rising above the womanish tendency to faint at the critical moment, insisting on a woman's privilege of receiving in her lap the head of the dying. But she did give to the loving soul the kiss that belongs to the dying.

Too long have I postponed that in the drama which lured me to this sermon attempt. Happily it is the same thing in the drama which resents a preacher's amplification. Let Cyrano, the stalwart, the gloveless knight, the man whose elegance was all within, who needed no bravery of shining gems, who laced not his form, but braced his soul with efforts as with stays, who traversed the crowds and chattering groups, "Making truth ring bravely out like clash of spurs," preach his own sermon. Let him who could be gallant to the buffet girl, who received from her hand the few grapes, a glass of water and the half of a macaroon with the courtesy that would grace a court, be his own preacher. In the labyrinth of life he chose many paths, but decided to be admirable in all, and this is why he himself becomes a sermon. When he knew that Roxane knew that he lived, he said, "Let the world go burn. I have ten hearts in my breast, a score of arms." This is the measure of the man, conscious of a place in the world, dignified with an inner love and endowed with a noble passion.

I glory most in Cyrano because, in his way, he preaches the gospel of independence. In the second act he gives what may well become a classic chant of the democrat, the song of republicanism, in which he says (pardon the condensation):

Must I seek a protector, get me a patron, twine like a vine around a trunk, climb by artifice and not by strength, dedicate as others do, verses to bankers, make myself a clown in hopes of seeing a friendly smile on statesmen's lips?

No, thank you!

"Shall I be a toad-eater all my days?
My waist worn out by bending, and my skin
Grown quickly soiled in the region of my knees?
Or shall I show how limber is my back?—
No, thank you! On both shoulders carry water,
And sit the fence a-straddle, while I flatter
Each to his face, and feather my own nest?
No, thank you! Raise myself from step to step,
Become the little great man of a clique,
And steer my boat, with madrigals for oars,
And sighs of ancient dames to fill my sails?
No, thank you! Pay the editor, De Sercy,
For publishing my poems? No, I thank you!
Or shall I have myself proclaimed as pope
By councils held in drinking shops by fools?
No, thank you! Shall I make a reputation
Upon one sonnet, rather than write others?
Find talent only in the commonplace?
Be constantly in fear of errant sheets,
And always say: "Oh, let my name be seen
Upon the pages of the "Mercure Francois?"'
No, thank you! Plan, be pale, and be afraid,
And make a call rather than write a poem,
Prepare petitions, have myself presented?
No, thank you! No, I thank you! No! But—sing,
Dream, laugh and go about, alone and free,
Have eyes that see things clear, and voice that rings,
And, if you like, wear your hat wrong side front;
Fight for a yes or no—or make a poem;
Work without thought of fortune or of glory;
Fly to the moon in fancy, if you wish!
Write not a word that comes not from your heart,
And still be modest; tell yourself, 'My child,
Content yourself with flowers and fruits—with leaves—
If you have gathered them in your own garden!'
Then, if by chance, you gain some small success,
No tribute money need you pay to Cæsar,
And all the honor is your very own.
In short, scorning to be the clinging vine;
When you are neither oak nor linden tree,
Mount not so high, perhaps, but all alone!"

This man asks not for soft friendships that, like an Italian collar, make one's neck grow soft, and wearing, one feels at ease, but holds his head less high; but he asks, rather, for that hatred that marks envy's gall and coward's spittle,

"Gives me a ruff that holds my head erect.'
Every new enemy is another pleat,
A new constraint, and one more ray of glory,
For, like in all points to the Spanish ruff,
Hate is at once a collar and a halo!"

Whatever he was at the beginning he ends a bold adventurer of the spirit, not to be intimidated by the cry of "crank," or "fool," or "madman." When the worldly wise de Guiche reminds him of Don Quixote's windmill, "that may sweep him who tilts it into the mire," "Aye," says Cyrano, "or upward to the stars."

What though Moliere's triumphs rest on Cyrano's lines; what though Christian's love was won by Cyrano's wit; what though it had been his part in life "to be the prompter everyone forgets," and it was for him to remain below while others climbed to kisses and to fame. And what, though it were sadly true,

"I ne'er knew woman's kindness. E'en my mother
Thought me not fair. I never had a sister.
Then I feared sweethearts with their mocking eyes!
But, thanks to you, I've had at least a friend;
And through my life a woman's robe has passed."

Yet let no one pity Cyrano and let everyone emulate him. Let the grandeur of his struggle prove the sublimity of his soul. Well might he say with his dying breath,

Yes, it is there, on high.
There am I sent to make my paradise.
More than one soul I love is exiled there:
Socrates—Galileo. I'll find them all."

Let the "flat-nosed crew" now look him in the face as he stands upright, sword in hand, fighting to the end what seems a useless battle against falsehood, compromise, bigotry, cowardice.

"Shall I make terms?
No, never! never! There is Folly, too!
I knew that in the end you'd lay me low.
No matter. Let me fight! and fight! and fight!
You snatch them all away—laurel and rose!
Snatch on! One thing is left in spite of you,
Which I take with me: and this very night,
When I shall cross the threshold of God's house
And enter, bowing low, this I shall take
Despite you, without wrinkle, without spot—
And that is—
My stainless soldier's crest!"

By this time the "stainless" crest is that which belongs to the soldier of ideas, the warrior for truth, the hero of life, and his triumph is the trumph of the cross, the conquest of Calvary.

The Study Table.

I had hardly finished reading "Yesterdays in the Philippines," published by C. Scribner's Sons, and laid it down, with decided regret that the feast was finished, when, from the Macmillan Company, I received a royally sumptuous volume on "The Philippines and Their People," by Dean C. Worcester of the University of Michigan, a record of personal observation and experience, with a short summary of the more important facts in the history of the Archipelago. Mr. Stephens gives us more specifically a picture of business life, club life, home life and scenery. His excursions are exquisitely told, and give us glimpses into many a nook of a most attractive sort. Dr. Worcester gives us a thoroughly reliable story of the scientific features of the island—the possible development of the peoples—the anthropology, the history, etc. It is a grand work in every way. The author tells us that in the study of these primitive people the traveler will find enough that is strange to satisfy his longing for novelty; enough that is grand and beautiful to repay him for the risk that he may be called upon to face, and the hardships that he will certainly be forced to forego. "If one is permanently situated in a good locality, where he can secure suitable food and good drinking water; if he is scrupulous, careful as to his diet, avoids excesses of all kinds, keeps out of the sun in the middle of the day, and restrains from severe and long-continued physical exertion, he is likely to remain well." "The great mass of the people have been deliberately kept in ignorance from the time of the Spanish discovery until now. On the whole, I believe that they are naturally fairly intelligent, and are often most anxious for an opportunity to get some education. On a number of occasions we secured good servants, who asked for nothing but food, and an opportunity to pick up a little English or Spanish. Every village his its bath, if there is any chance for one, and men, women and children patronize it liberally. Hardly less noticeable than almost universal hospitality are the well regulated homes and the happy family life which one soon finds to be the rule. Children are orderly, respectful and obedient. Wives are allowed an amount of liberty hardly equaled in any other eastern country, and they seldom abuse it. The civilized native is self-respecting and self-restrained to a remarkable degree. He is patient under misfortune and forbearing under provocation." There is much more to the same effect, making the picture not at all a bad one for the new acquisitions of the United States.

The *Arena* comes for November and December. This is the first thoroughly sane number of this magazine that we have seen for many months. It is happily delivered of the intense egotism which has recently characterized it. It has passed under the editorial charge of Paul Tyner and Horatio W. Dresser. The former brings with him *The Temple* and the latter brings the *Journal of Metaphysics*. Whether this will create, with the old *Arena*, a compound that will constitute a thoroughly valuable magazine remains to be seen. I have looked carefully through this number and cannot honestly say that it contains a single article that gives the magazine any serious claim on us. Mr. Dresser is a thoroughly clean man—a philosophic critic rather than creator, and Mr. Tyner is an excellent product of western life and sentiment.

The *Forum* for January has no article of more importance than "Social Ethics in the Schools," by Prof. Julia E. Bulkley of the University of Chicago. "The Future Relations of Great Britain and the United States," by Sir Charles W. Dilke, is a masterly production, which will be eagerly read by those interested in our national drift. "The Army of the United States," by General Corbin, is of considerable value, but needs a supplementary article by General Miles. Prof. John Trowbridge gives a startlingly interesting article on the "Upper Regions of the Air." "San Francisco's Struggle for Good Government" is very timely, and "The Race War in North Carolina" is exceedingly well told. There are some facts in this article which the northern philanthropist will have to consider. On the whole, Editor Rice is keeping the *Forum* well up to the mark of a thoroughly popular and yet permanently valuable American magazine.

It is curious that we can never have done with the dirty Russian novels. What possible sentiment is it that constantly brings to the front the work of such an abnormal character as Count Tolstoi? The fact is that Russian literature is fat with good things. These have a freshness and come to us very much like the earlier thoughts of Greek literature. But there is no reason for going by such writers as Gogol, to translate the work of the coarser and less civilized sort of authors. We shall surely in time learn to drop the coarse and startling for the simple, pure and pastoral. Tolstoi has produced a few admirable works, but also much that is half civilized. One might as well go back to eating raw flesh with his fingers as to lose himself in admiration for a savage and gross display of the passions. These Slavs are working at some problems that we Saxons settled for ourselves five hundred years ago. There is no reason why we should now undertake, in such a book as "Anna Karenina," to study over again these old problems of chastity and social decency and domestic honesty, with a race some hundreds of years in our rear. It does vast mischief and creates morbid sentiment. E. P. P.

A New Book on Paul.*

The critical construction of Paul's conception of the Christian religion is one of the best achievements of theological inquiry in our century. The credit for it falls for the most part to German scholarship. The best expositions in English have been the translations of Pfleiderer's "Paulism" and Weizsäcker's "Apostolic Age," although the summary statement of Weizsäcker may be regarded as displaced recently by the brief luminous sketch in McGiffert's "Apostolic Age." The translation of Pflederer, however, no longer represents the views of the author, who has since made a substantial revision of the German work. Moreover, numerous aspects of Paul's thought have been more thoroughly studied in many recent German monographs, the results of which have not been hitherto accessible to English readers. Now at last a thoroughly scientific study of Paul's thought is presented in the work of Dr. Cone. It is to be hoped that the effect of this careful investigation on American biblical study will be proportionate to the great learning and to the sound and patient exercise of judgment which have entered into the production of the work.

To two classes of readers the book will be unsatisfactory—to those who gloss and harmonize Pauline ideas according to the necessities of a modern system of doctrine, and to those who equally, without historical comprehension, quote the great apostle as an authority for the latter day conceptions of liberalism.

What Dr. Cone presents is the product of scientific inquiry and it stands for the consensus of the best judgments of many eminent students. As is natural and inevitable, the work reflects the masterly study of Pfleiderer more closely than any other, but the presentation is nevertheless the author's own. The

* Paul, The Man, The Missionary and The Teacher. By Orello Cone, D. D. New York: The Macmillan Company, pp. xii, 475. $2.00.

caution and sobriety of its decisions rest on a ripened experience in exegetical study. The book will therefore long enjoy a rank of authority for English readers.

The book is written with a certain coolness of temperament. Some more glowing imagination, some ardor of sympathetic comprehension, might make the exposition of the intense missionary more interesting and stimulating. One misses the shudder and the thrill. Nevertheless the mastery of this critical view of Paul prepares us to read the epistles so as to feel their rapture and their pathos.

Dr. Cone gives an occasional sober verdict on Paul's ideas from the modern point of view. We may regret, somewhat, that the reader has not been led more distinctly to appreciate the grandeur of Paul's conceptions, as measured by his own environment. The fragments of Jewish Christian literature and the Johannine Apocalypse suggest that the path that Christianity might have taken but for the missionary to the Greek world. In the chapter on the spirit, Dr. Cone dwells somewhat disparagingly on the supernaturalism of Paul's view. Any such defect in the form of thought is of less importance than Paul's glorious and daring elevation of the Christian character (i Cor. xiii), to the supreme rank among all supernatural manifestations. The real values of things are thus grandly asserted.

A few details may be questioned. The difference of *ei kai* from *kai ei* makes it unnecessary to infer from ii Cor. v.-16 a personal acquaintance with Jesus. It does not seem correct to describe the participation in the Lord's supper as fellowship with the death of Christ (p. 420) and the use of certain passages on page 413 to support a notion of the "church as a whole" is doubtful. With regard to the "great mystery of the identification of Christ with the Spirit of God," the reviewer ventures to call attention to his own explanation in the *Journal of Biblical Literature* for 1897. FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE.

Meadville Theological School.

Our Unitarian Gospel.

Dr. Savage always speaks with delightful simplicity and directness and courage. One always hears the man, not an institution. Few sermons are so interesting to read, for even the printed page seems to speak. The sincerity is most refreshing, the demand for freedom and honesty and reasonableness is invigorating. The heroic loyalty to genuine conviction and the ardor of the preacher's faith in the religious conception of life and the world; these are inspiring qualities. This is eminently a missionary book, which should be effective in liberating men from the weight of dead tradition and stirring them to reality and clearness and spontaneity of conviction.

The limitation of this series of sermons is that they are pointed against the unrealities and formalism of the theological inheritance. The Unitarian gospel is not fully set forth without a more complete reputation of the naturalism which fails to arrive at any religious faith.

Some of the historical statements lack caution. One fails to see how Irenaeus, Tertullian, Origen, can be claimed as Unitarians. The erroneous impression is given that the "Nicene" creed, as recited to-day, was adopted in 325, and to those ignorant of the old Roman symbol of the second century the statements about the Apostles' creed are misleading.

FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

*Our Unitarian Gospel. By M. J. Savage. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis, 1898, pp. 282.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—In a noble personality, it is the silent qualities, like gravitation, that insensibly but resistlessly holds us.

MON.—The highest order of power in the intellectual world draws upon and is nourished by rude, primitive, barbaric human qualities.

TUES.—Without a certain self-surrender there is no greatness possible in literature, any more than in religion, or in anything else.

WED.—The standing want is never for more skill, but for newer, fresher power.

THURS.—Only those books are for the making of men into which a man has gone in the making.

FRI.—To attempt to manufacture beauty is as vain as to attempt to manufacture truth.

SAT.—Strong native qualities only avail in the long run; the more these dominate over artificial endowments the more we are refreshed and enlarged.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

The Fairies Call Me Mortal.

The fairies call me mortal.
  I'm not all that. I know;
For something that is lasting
  Grows with me as I grow.

It never will stop growing,
  It cannot ever die—
My soul, that is the true me
  And knows that I am I.

My hands—those are the body's;
  But, when they help mamma,
And she says, "Willing spirit!"
  In work, the soul's they are.

My feet, they run on errands,
  They are the body's, too;
But, then, I think the running
  Is what the soul would do.

My voice, I feel it shaking
  That tone-box in my throat;
But words that say, "I love you!"
  They sound the spirit's note.

I can't tell what is body—
  Just body, all alone;
For everywhere is spirit,
  In work, in walk, in tone.

Nina Moore Tiffany, in the Christian Register.

The True Story of Dolly.

The first time I saw Dolly she was quietly trotting through the streets of our busy town one morning, threading her way carefully among other vehicles, and crossing trolley tracks with a coolness and discretion which surprised me; for Dolly was a small bay mare, drawing a grocery wagon, and without a driver. The doings of our four-footed friends interest me, and when I noted the name on the wagon as that of our family grocer, I set off to investigate.

About a block behind I met a small boy with a basket. In reply to my inquiries he said: "Oh, yes, that's our horse. But she's all right; she'll be waiting at the next house on our route. She often goes on ahead for the regular orders." I learned to watch for Dolly when I was out on my morning errands, and I always admired her wonderful sagacity, which might have shamed the inferior intelligence of the youngsters in knickerbockers who were considered quite capable of holding the reins over Dolly.

One evening I met her slowly approaching a house at which it was her custom to stop. A wagon stood just in front of the door, and several others were waiting at short distances along the curb. Dolly hesitated,

then passed on. Going to the very end of the short street, she turned in an open space and trotted back, drawing her wagon up close beside the one which had usurped her place and there awaited her tardy human companion. A skillful driver could not have done better.

She had been brought from the West when quite young with Buffalo Bill's troupe, and had been used in his first "Wild West Show" at Staten Island. Her Indian rider abused her and she repaid his cruelty by throwing him during one of the performances. For that offence she was ordered to be shot and was led out for that purpose. But the man who was to execute the sentence saw a chance to make a little money, and, instead of killing her he took her to an auction sale of horses just then in progress. A kindly Providence had surely sent our grocer there that day. He had already bought two horses (all he desired), and was leaving, when poor, ill-used Dolly was led forward with a shout of, "Who'll make me a bid for this nanny-goat?" Some one shouted, "Twenty dollars!" The grocer offered twenty-two fifty. "Take her as quick as you can," was the auctioneer's reply; and he became the owner of an almost unbroken horse which had never been harnessed and had a bad reputation.

For one month her new owner cared for and drove her himself, allowing no one else to touch her, and in that month Dolly's ideas—for she had ideas, and plenty of them—underwent a complete change. She learned that there was still mercy and loving kindness to be found in this old world of ours. From that time for nine years Dolly was trusted with any urchin big enough to sit and hold the reins, and never missed one working day save the one on which her colt was born; and the colt was sold in its babyhood for twenty dollars, so that Mr. —— really made a good financial investment when he bought nine years' faithful, willing service for twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.—*Our Animal Friends.*

General Sheridan and His Son.

Two grave, quiet-looking men stood on the steps of a big house in Washington some years ago. They were watching four bright children get into a cart and drive down the street, throwing back kisses and "good-by" to papa and papa's friend, the general.

The younger man, the father, was Gen. Phil Sheridan—"Fighting Phil," as he was called in those days. The general, the old friend, said:

"Phil, how do you manage your little army of four?"

"Don't manage; they are mischievous soldiers, but what good comrades! All the good there is in me they bring out. Their little mother is a wonderful woman and worth a regiment of officers, John. I often think what pitfalls are in waiting for my small, brave soldiers all through life. I wish I could always help them over."

"Phil, if you could choose for your little son from all the temptations which will beset him, the one most to be feared, what would it be?"

General Sheridan leaned his head against the doorway and said soberly:

"It would be the curse of strong drink. Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, strong-willed, maybe full of courage and thrift and push and kindness and charity, but woe be to the man or boy who becomes a slave of liquor! Oh, I had rather see my little son die to-day than to see him carried into his mother, drunk! One of my brave soldier boys on the field said to me just before a battle, when he gave me his message to his mother, if he should be killed: 'Tell her I have kept my promise to her. Not one "drink" have I ever tasted.' The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to the mother. She said: 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city.'"—*Selected.*

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY FOR

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

BY

ALFRED C. CLARK & CO.,

185 DEARBORN STREET,
CHICAGO.

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Denver.—This is the city of religious and civic experiments. Alfred Hicks is the leader in the organization of the Denver Labor Church. Mr. Hicks is the bookkeeper of a large business house in the city, and proposes to keep on with his work. The church is organized in the interest of civic righteousness. Its aim will be to discuss the present-day problems, its pledge, to stand on non-theological ground, devoting itself to brotherhood and justice. Another experiment to be watched with interest. If outward failure and short life are to be its lot, it still will be the one more experiment that leads to the ultimate triumph.

A Word to the Publisher of Unity.—The following letter, received by the publisher, is a suggestion from a business man which may appeal to other business men who have had occasion to receive similar attentions at the hand of the publisher: "Dear Sir:—Find inclosed check for two dollars for subscription for one year from date of previous payment. If not renewed by further remittance please stop paper. As a friend of UNITY, and the work it is trying to do, I suggest that you adhere strictly to this principle—No pay, no paper. Your circular shows that you have delinquents on your list. I believe there is merit enough in your paper to warrant you in trying to put yourselves on the independent ground occupied by the best magazines and journals."

Women.—Mrs. Caroline Macy left two thousand dollars for the benefit of the Teachers' College of New York. * * * The New York Legislature hesitated over the resolution thanking Miss Helen Gould for her philanthropic services. Some were afraid it might be establishing a troublesome precedent by publicly thanking a woman. * * * Mrs. Riordan of Chattanooga returned to the saloon-keepers last Christmas Day a tombstone that they had erected over one of their victims. * * * Miss Lucy Page Gaston, No. 1119 The Temple, Chicago, sends for fifteen cents important literature bearing on the cigarette question, with directions for the organization of Anti-Cigarette Leagues Among Boys. * * * *The Appeal* is the title of the neatly printed campaign sheet now issued by Mrs. Carse in the interest of the Temple Fund in Chicago. We wish Mrs. Carse success. We believe the great temple ought to be conserved to such humanitarian ends as befit its high birth, but we regret the controversial tone of its pages, and are sorry for this unseemly falling out among public women. * * * Miss L. Blanche Fearing, the blind lawyer of Chicago, is giving a course of lectures on law, under the auspices of a Chicago political equality league, on the second Saturday of each month, from November to May. The topics, of course, are such as bear upon the problems in which women are most interested.

Chicago, All Souls Church.—At the annual meeting of this society two hundred people sat down to dinner together, after which the various activities of the year were presented through twenty-nine distinct reports, many of them representing treasurers' statements. All the sections reported all bills paid, with a little margin to start the year with. The aggregate income of the year, from all sources, amounted to $9,628.60, of which $772 repreesnted the work of the charita-

ble section, chiefly the Helen Heath Settlement; $1,070.24 represented the educational work of the church, and $1,000 the preliminary architect fees for the new building. The circulating library, of over two thousand, has an average patronage of seventeen a day, and has issued over 4,000 volumes during the year. The Magazine Dispensary has distributed 3,500 copies of magazines and reviews and 700 volumes of weeklies throughout the western territories and states, and correspondences shows it to be a unique and welcome beneficence. The Missionary section distributed $247. The Kindergarten, Manual Training and Boys' Reading Room activities were reported. The pastor's report showed him as conducting 228 class and other meetings in the church, delivering 42 lectures and addresses in 30 different places in the city; and outside of the city 76, in 47 different places, scattered throughout eleven states of the Union. In addition to this, he has been the general secretary of the Liberal Congress of Religion, which held its fifth and most important annual meeting at Omaha; the senior editor of UNITY; the conductor of the Tower Hill Summer School in Literature, all of which necessitated the writing of 2,095 letters.

The following officers were elected for the coming year:

Trustees—H. S. Hyman, chairman; L. M. Smith, Warren McArthur, N. B. Higbee and A. H. Hanson.

Secretary—Hoyt King.

Treasurer and Parish Assistant—Mrs. Edith Lackersteen.

Chairman of the Social Section—Mrs. W. H. Mallory and Mrs. Edward Morris.

Chairman of the Charitable Section—Mrs. William Kent.

Chairman of the Missionary Section—Miss Margaret Arden.

Chairman of the Educational Section—Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard.

Building Committee—A. H. Hanson, S. W. Lamson, William Kent, L. M. Smith and Silas Strawn.

Construction Committee—Thomas Nicholson and C. C. Fowler.

Oakland, California.—Our contributor, J. T. Sunderland, is alive to the dangers of our nation. We are glad that in his pulpit he is to speak the word of warning. The following are among the January announcements for the pulpit of the Unitarian Church at Oakland: "Imperialism as a Peril to the Republic," "Militarism as a Danger to Our Liberties," "The True Way to Make Our Country Great and Glorious."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors of Unity.—I read with absorbed interest, Oscar Lovell Triggs' article in UNITY for January 5th, "The Peasantism of Count Leo Tolstoi." Perhaps George Eliot's words along the same lines, in language equally as strong as that of the Russian master, are worth reproducing in this connection. Surely Tolstoi needs to repoint his pen if he would excel this.

Yours, T. L. LINCOLN.

Carmichaels, Pa.

From "Adam Bede."

"Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any of the æsthetic rules which shall banish from the regions of Art these old women, scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pothouse, those rounded backs and stupid weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world—these homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of onions * * *

"Therefore, let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representation of commonplace things—men who see beauty in these commonplace things, and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them."

The South Side members of the People's Church residing in the districts of Hyde Park and Kenwood, have organized the Auxiliary Club, with Col. Robert Rae as president. The purpose is to promote church work among the people, to organize musical, literary and other methods of improvement. The wisdom of this movement is apparent, for the People's Church draws its constitutency from the widely separated sections of the city, and they must necessarily fall into geographical groups if they would know the maximum joys and strengths of church life.

—The judges of Chicago, working through the Chicago Bar Association, have inaugurated a movement which will do much for the boys, seeking to choke their criminal tendencies by the establishment of truant schools, and when arrested, keeping them distinct from the hardened criminals, saving them as much as possible from the staining effect of prison experiences.

Be Friendly

"You can light another's candle with yours without loss."

You have eaten Quaker Oats? Then you know how wholesome it is, but if you have a friend who does not know, you will do him a kindness by telling him—particularly if he has indigestion.

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CHICAGO.

Humanly speaking, civilizations, dynasties, governments have gone down into the sea of oblivion. The only wreckage that has come to shore is the battered names of the great captains.—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

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PUBLISHERS' INTRODUCTION.

Says Emerson in his essay on "The Uses of Great Men," "It is natural to believe in Great Men. If the companions of our childhood should turn out to be heroes, and their condition royal, it would not surprise us. The search after the great man is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of manhood." This explains the fascination of biographical reading. For the majority of people, young and old, there is no book more fascinating than a well-written biography of a worthy man or woman. Few books have lived longer or made a more lasting impression than "Plutarch's Lives." And, since all history is made by its heroes it follows that to know biography is to become acquainted with history. There is no better way of becoming acquainted with American history than by reading the lives of a few great Americans. The Life of Washington, as told in this volume, touches upon the most important points in the war of the Revolution, while the lives of Lincoln, Grant and Lee recount the deeds and reflect the spirit of the Civil War. In the same way the lives of Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, as told in this book, present a clear account of the last sixty years of English History.

Yet, notwithstanding the interest and importance of this line of reading, a really good biography, brief enough for the use of young people with limited time for reading, simple and direct, is difficult to find. We believe that in this volume of twenty-three sketches written by one who has been for some years a teacher in the public schools of Chicago, we are offering a work of real merit, which is not less accurate and reliable because written in an easy, familiar style, with an undertone of courage, good cheer and mirthfulness which ought to make it attractive to the youngest readers. We trust they will not be willing to lay the book down with one reading, but will be moved to return to it again and again until they have made its contents their own and its heroes and heroines their life-long friends.

CONTENTS.

George Washington, the Father of his Country; Ulysses S. Grant, the Man of Silence; Abraham Lincoln, the Rail-Splitter of Illinois; Victoria, Queen of England; Henry W. Longfellow, the Poet of the Common People; Henry M. Stanley, the African Explorer; Rosa Bonheur, the Painter of Animals; Patrick Henry, the Demosthenes of America; Benjamin Franklin, Statesman, Scientist, Philosopher; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, England's Greatest Woman Poet; Joan of Arc, the Deliverer of France; Thomas Alva Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park; William Ewart Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of England; Fridtjof Nansen, Explorer of the Farthest North; Clara Barton, the Angel of the Battlefield; Dwight L. Moody, the Evangelist; John Wanamaker, the Successful Man of Business; Robert E. Lee, the Hero of the South; Susan B. Anthony, a Champion of Woman; Frances Willard, the Apostle of Temperance; Galileo, the Student of Nature; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the Great Musician; Florence Nightingale, the Sacrificing Sister.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Tomb of Washington. George Washington and the Hatchet. Washington's Farewell to His Mother. Washington and His Men Hunting Indian Tracks. Martha Washington. House where First Congress Met. The Tree under which Washington took Command of the Army. Washington and His Men at Valley Forge. Surrender of Burgoyne. Washington at Valley Forge, Reading a Letter. Mount Vernon. George Washington, Portrait. Grant's Birthplace. Grant Plowing. Grant Breaking a Horse. West Point. General Scott. Artillery Going to the Front. The Advance of Vicksburg. General William T. Sherman. Battle of the Wilderness. Battle of Shiloh. Soldiers Marching to the Front. Capitol at Washington. U. S. Grant, Portrait. Abraham Lincoln Going to School. Lincoln's Babyhood. Moving to Indiana. The Proud Possessor of a Log Cabin. Too Poor to Afford a Tallow Candle. Lincoln, the Mother of Invention. Lincoln as an Orator. Lincoln's Big Heart. Lincoln as a Book Agent. The Causes of the War. Slaves on a Plantation. Abraham Lincoln, Portrait. John Wilkes Booth. The Soldier's Good-bye. Victoria's Baptism. Queen Victoria, Portrait. Childhood of Victoria. Hampton Court Gardens, England. Windsor Castle. Buckingham Castle. Coronation Chair. Prince Albert's Tomb. Parliament Building, London. Henry W. Longfellow's Home. Henry W. Longfellow, Portrait. Henry M. Stanley, Portrait. Young Stanley's Daring Feat. Almshouse Boys at Dinner. Stanley being Robbed. Stanley Finding Livingstone. Preparing for a Feast. Rosa Bonheur's Favorite Store. Rosa Bonheur at Nineteen. Plowing. The Overthrow. The Horse Fair. Patrick Henry, portrait. Benjamin Franklin and His Electrical Experiment. Benjamin Franklin, when a Boy. Mrs. Browning, portrait. The Childhood of Joan of Arc. Fresco—Joan of Arc. Edison as a Newsboy. Edison, portrait. Thomas A. Edison and His Talking Machine. William Ewart Gladstone. Gladstone, when a Boy Debating. Gladstone's Ancestors. Gladstone at Eton. Eton College. Christ Church College, Oxford. Dining Hall, Christ Church College. Broad Walk—Gardens of Christ Church College. Hawarden Castle. The Old Castle at Hawarden. Gladstone Introducing the Home Rule Bill. Gladstone and Grandchild. Nansen when a Child. Fridtjof Nansen, portrait. Nansen's First Snowshoes. Nansen Hunting Polar Bears. The "Fram." Farthest North. Clara Barton's Childhood. Clara Barton, portrait. Clara Barton and Her Work in Cuba. Dwight L. Moody, portrait. Mother of Dwight L. Moody. John Wanamaker. Robert Lee on His Favorite Horse. Fitzhugh Lee, portrait. Robert E. Lee, portrait. House where Lee Surrendered. Susan B. Anthony, portrait. A Reception. Frances E. Willard, portrait. Drinking Fountain. Anna A. Gordon. Galileo, portrait. Wolfgang Mozart, portrait when a boy. Florence Nightingale.

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THE SAFE SIDE.

A THEISTIC REFUTATION OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

By RICHARD M. MITCHELL.

Summary of Contents.—The accidental origin of the Christian Religion. The part taken by John the Baptist; his incentive to action; church neglect of him, and why. Origin of the word Christian. Why Christ was crucified. The teachings of Christ. Adoption of the books of the Old Testament enforced by Christ quoting them. Why so much of Paul and so little of Peter. Why Peter's Gospel was suppressed. Paul's recantation. The ascension. The origin, authorship and service of the Fourth Gospel. The need of faith. Westminster Catechism. Evident shame of the many authors of the Thirteenth Article of Religion. Why the sharp curtailment of the Epistle of James. Inertia of ideas. Importance of Inherited ideas, and the mental laws by which their errors are corrected. Guiding nature of the mental faculties. Courage, memory, imagination and conscience derived through other faculties; action of the latter. Natural depravity. Origin of money. Transformation of idle savages into laborers. Far-reaching effect of a certain edict of Justinian. Cause of the universality of Trinitarianism. Heroism and extinction of the Samaritans. Glimpses of New Testament accounts in the works of Josephus. The same circumstance started both Paul and Josephus on a journey to Rome; both were shipwrecked, etc. Two mentions of Jesus in the New Testament more accurately fit another Jesus mentioned by Josephus. An Egyptian mentioned by Josephus was undoubtedly Christ. (See Acts xxi, 38; Matt. ii, 15.) The "Testimony" an admitted interpolation. The words "who was called Christ," and the probable original words. Triplicate association of ideas suggest that Jesus may have had a rival in the person of Judas mentioned in Acts v, 37. Josephus' account of Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes, and eulogy of the latter; why that sect not mentioned in the new testament. Worldliness, Conversion, Immortality, closing with Supernatural Supervision.

LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

Mr. Clement Warren, Brooklyn, New York City.

I have just completed for the seventh time a reading of your cogent work entitled "The Safe Side." Every time that I have read the work I have realized its excellence more and more. On each occasion new features have developed. Each page furnishes food for thought, and each chapter (or less) provides a mental meal which absolutely needs digestion and deep reflection before proceeding further. It is a work replete with facts clearly stated and irresistibly put. They may be ignored but cannot be refuted. The information I have gained from reading "The Safe Side" equals the sum total of all that I was possessed of previous to my first reading of it. It throws a flood of light on the subject which only the wilfully blind can ignore, and as a compendium of tersely put truths, is one of the best I have ever read on any subject.

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, psychology, becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasizes strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club houses" and the ministry, which to him appears a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

From Andrew D. White, LL.D., ex-President of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

I have delayed acknowledging your book until I could have the opportunity to give it a more careful examination. I have now done so, and wish to thank you for it heartily. It seems to me full of valuable information which persons studying the great question to which you refer should have at their command. It also seems very suggestive of thought, and likely to bear useful fruit among investigators.

Any one who in these days is willing to give his labor to opening up these great subjects to the light is, in my opinion, rendering a great service to Christianity itself—a service which, however much it may be depreciated now, will be honored later, when the leaders of thought shall have given the honest attention to the whole subject which it dererves.

Mr. Edward Howe, New York City.

I have given your book a third reading and admire it more than ever. * * * Such a book as yours is greatly needed to clear the theological atmosphere, and I hope it will be very widely circulated. * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor, because he feels that it is true.

From the Boston "Investigator."

Mr. Mitchell has done the cause of Liberalism a great service in his noble work. He has assumed that the truth is a better guide than falsehood, and that it is safe to know the truth and to tell it. There is no subject about which there is more of darkness, of ignorance, of error, than the one he has undertaken to clear up—the divinity of Jesus. Mr. Mitchell has studied the gospels and contemporaneous literature with one end in view—that of finding the truth. He has brought to his study a candid mind, a scholar's critical judgment and a philosopher's spirit. He has sifted the material bearing upon his subject, and arranged and presented the facts, as far as they could be ascertained, in a way to secure the attention of the reader, and to carry conviction to the impartial and unprejudiced mind. His masterly presentation of the superstitions and ideas which culminated in the declaration that Jesus was divine, throws new light on the gospels, and helps to make clear what has heretofore been dark and mysterious. "The Safe Side" is a good book to have in your library. It is original, able and thoroughly liberal in its treatment of the subject.

From The Chicago "Tribune."

* * * "The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack," by those students of the scriptures and the history of the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints."

* * * But the work should be read by doctors of the church, and able educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject. * *

From the Chicago "Times."

* * * Such a book as indicated is "The Safe Side," by Richard M. Mitchell, of this city. * * * But in all this terribly destructive criticism it is manifest that the writer entertains the simplest and most reverent belief in God, and in the unbroken life and development of the human soul throughout eternity. To him the distinction between good and evil is clear, notwithstanding the extinction of Christianity, as a system in his belief. Sin, wrong, he does not believe can be forgiven, but its penalty must be borne in remorse, retarded growth, etc. * * Read his book. * * *

The most remarkable features of the book are its simplicity of manner, its utter fearlessness of candor, its freedom from anything like a spirit of bitterness. It is a book that will be denounced by every orthodox speaker or writer, but they should not forget that denunciation is often, like a demurrer in legal proceedings, an admission of facts, and nearly always amounts to begging the question at issue. It is a book which for its matter, its thought, to say nothing of its manner, is thoroughly worthy of equally simple and complete refutation, if any one can achieve it.

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A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This is a very helpful little book to keep on desk or work-table, so that a chapter, page, or mere sentence may be read in the hurried intervals of daily occupation. It is not a manual of devotion. It does not incite to emotional piety, nor to morbid subjective questioning; but it strengthens the soul to "serve God and bless the world." Though some of the titles are followed by texts, they are not elaborated into sermons, but are key-notes to simple and charming essays, full of suggestive thoughts and illustrations which encourage and cheer the heart. They show how every life, however humble or hindered, can be made great and glorious by struggle, faithfulness, and love.

There are eight essays, four by each of the authors. It is hard to choose from them, when all are excellent. Perhaps "Blessed be Drudgery," and "A Cup of Cold Water" will appeal most strongly to many. It is rarely realized, and therefore cannot be too often repeated, that the drudgery which seems to dwarf our lives is the secret of their growth. Life could easily be made beautiful, if each would offer the "cup of water" to the thirsty one near him, and all are thirsting for something.

It is impossible in a few paragraphs to give extracts from a book, every page of which contains sentences worthy of quotation.

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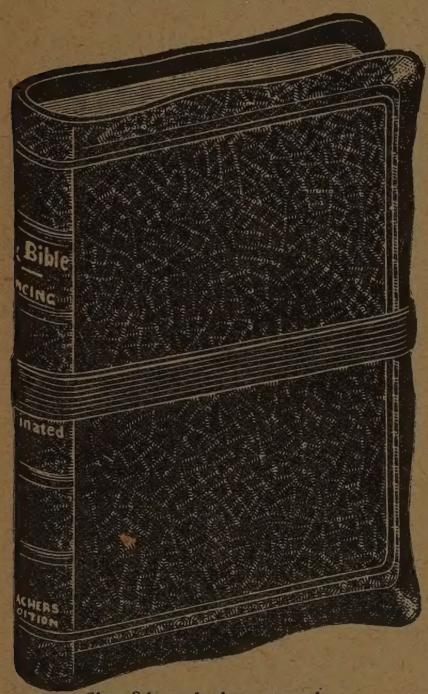

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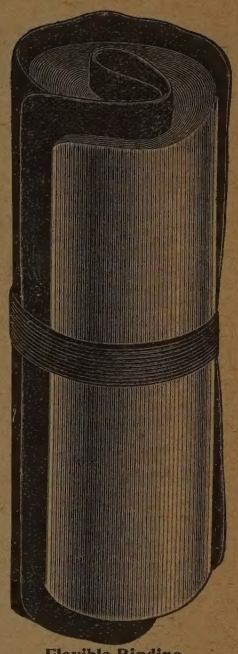

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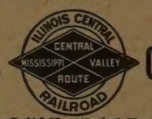

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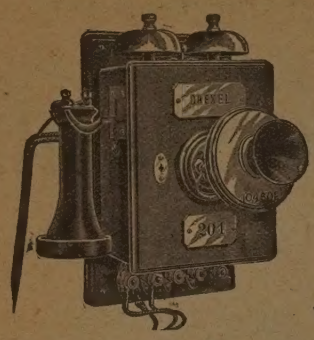

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